

# The Corner House

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX,

Author of "Whose Finest a Wife," "Scribbles and Phrases," "The Day of Temptation," etc.

(Copyright, 1900, by William Le Queux)

The bachelor in London naturally drifts from one set of "diggings" to another by law of gravitation. When a man is single he finds it advantageous to move from one lodging to another, for by so doing he escapes that rapaciousness of family which is one of the most striking characteristics of the Cockney landlady. I speak from experience, for I myself had given up possession of countless latch-keys, and had run the whole gamut of lodging-house delights, when I at last found myself the occupant of a very comfortable drawing-room floor at the lower end of Gower street.

Contented I certainly was. In the ten years during which I had digged it in London lodgings I had never been so satisfied, nor had any of my previous landladies shown me such marked attention. I had two fellow-lodgers whom I seldom saw during the first few weeks, for they were journalists engaged upon one of the daily newspapers down in Fleet street, and therefore absent all night, while my own duties as clerk at the Holborn branch of the London and Northwestern Bank—close to Gower street—compelled me to leave the house at nine a. m., and not return until six. It was a kind of a Box and Cox arrangement, for while they occupied the sitting room during the day, I had it all to myself during the evening.

Their names were Drane and Cayley, the former about thirty or so, a smart, rather dandified young man, while the latter was nearly fifty, with a blotchy, unhealthy-looking face, a pair of cold, steely eyes, his ragged moustache and closely-cropped hair prematurely gray. He had the air of a hard liver, his breath generally bore trace of over-night indiscretions, and his general appearance had but little to recommend him.

Yet they were merry fellows, both of them, and I often regretted that I saw so little of them. Full of high spirits and droll stories, they seemed to lead a merry, careless life among their brethren of the Press Club, and often talked much journalistic argot about "flimsies" and "scoops," terms utterly unintelligible to me. Drane's specialty was the working up of mysterious crimes, and hence he was on friendly terms with quite a host of detectives and police officials of various grades, while Cayley was engaged in reporting the speeches in the gallery of the House of Commons.

Sometimes on Sundays one or other of their friends would look in, when much whisky would be consumed, and the air of our sitting room became so thick that one could see across it only with difficulty. Two of these friends, men named Lawrence and Vickers, lived a short distance away at the large corner house, one side of which faced into Holborn and was painted pale green—a house easily recognizable by any curious reader. They were particularly good company, and we spent some exceedingly pleasant evenings together.

I had lived at Mrs. Mackenzie's for about six months, and had become extremely intimate with my two fellow-lodgers, when one day a very curious fact presented itself. I rose at half-past four one morning in order to go to King's Cross and meet a friend who was arriving from Scotland, but as I approached the front door to let myself out the door was opened with a latch key. My fellow-lodgers generally returned from Fleet street about 4, I knew, but as I stood back in the deep shadow the appearance of the pair struck me speechless in amazement. They were Drane and Cayley, but both wore the uniform of policemen. It was possible that these two men were not journalists at all, but only policemen; I laughed, congratulating myself that I had discovered their true position, for little did they suspect that I stood back in the wide, old-fashioned hall watching them ascending the stairs in the gray half light.

"Excellent!" I heard Cayley say in a low whisper. "We must see old Isaac in the morning."

"Better not," responded the other. "The tip is to lie very low for a week, or even a month, if necessary."

"Bah! you're funky," Cayley laughed. "Why, my dear fellow, what is there to fear?"

"It would be a bit ugly if the truth came out," Drane said apprehensively.

"But it never will, depend upon it—that is, if you keep your mouth shut tight."

Then they ascended the second flight of stairs leading to their rooms, and I could distinguish nothing more.

I met them both several times during the days which followed, but always hesitated to drop any hint that I had discovered the secret that they were actually police constables. It amused me to think how cleverly the pair had disguised their real profession, and I wondered whether Mrs. Mackenzie really knew the calling of her merry lodgers.

The words I had overheard, however, puzzled me considerably. The apprehensive attitude of Drane was mysterious, to say the least, and it certainly seemed as though he feared some fact becoming known. I entered the bedrooms of both men during their absence, but saw nothing of any portion of their uniforms save a pair of white cotton gloves which were lying upon Cayley's dressing table. That there was some curious mystery underlying all this I felt absolutely certain, and my belief was strengthened by the fact that their nocturnal visits to their offices in Fleet street suddenly ceased, and they appeared to remain at home always.

One night, when they had both gone to bed leaving me writing some letters, I chanced to glance down at the blotting pad and saw scribbled upon it two lines of numerals. By the arrangement of the figures and letters no second glance was required to reveal to my accustomed eyes that they were the numbers of two bank notes.

There was nothing extraordinary in the fact that any one should make a note of the numbers; nevertheless, curiosity prompted me to copy them upon my shirt-cuff. To men of my calling the taking of numbers is almost an involuntary action. Cayley had been writing upon the pad earlier in the evening, and as the ink was scarcely dry this marginal note had evidently been made by him.

The discovery that these men were not what they represented themselves to be was disquieting, and perhaps on that account I entertained a vague suspicion.

Next day I went round to the bank, as usual—a short walk of about a couple of minutes—and during the morning had occasion to refer to the book wherein were registered the numbers of notes stolen and not negotiable. The numbers were clear upon my shirt-cuff as I wrote, and something prompted me to search for that arrangement of numerals in the book.

Judge my abject surprise when I found an entry giving one of the numbers among others as that of a £10 note that had been stolen. The robbery was a most daring and

formidable one, for, according to the brief details furnished by the police and recorded there, it appeared that about a couple of months before a wealthy Australian arrived in London from Melbourne, and on the afternoon of landing took a cab to Court's, in the Strand, and just before the closing of the bank drew £5,000 in notes and gold in order to make a payment in the city. He arrived at an office in Walbrook only to find the principal absent. He, however, made an appointment for the following morning, and then drove away, but had never been seen nor heard of since. One note of £100 had been presented and cashed by a bank in White, while a second had been presented in Salisbury, but the number being noted payment was refused. The man who presented it managed to get clear off, thus plainly showing that he was one of the accomplices.

The police theory was that the unfortunate Australian, a man named Massey, had been robbed, murdered and his body secretly disposed of as the remains of so many are done away with in the great metropolis. There is an old saying at Scotland Yard that any man's life can be taken for a sovereign in London.

I read the facts eagerly, then noting the date, turned up a file of the Times which gave some few additional details. A description was given of the missing gentleman, who appeared to be a man of considerable influence and position in Melbourne, and a reward of a thousand pounds was offered by a firm of solicitors for any information which might lead to his discovery.

I went carefully over the facts of the mysterious appearance several times, and then copied for my own information the numbers of all the missing notes. They were all small ones, tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds, and therefore the more easy to negotiate. Stolen notes are usually put into circulation on the continent, for in Amsterdam and Paris there are receivers who will buy all sorts of notes knowing them to be the proceeds of robberies. In my own mind I had no doubt that the bulk of Mr. Massey's money had already been negotiated across the channel. Cayley's possession of that note was an enigma.

I remembered that mysterious conversation I had overheard when they had returned to the house in their police uniforms, and on careful calculation arrived at another suspicion to the already formidable array, for I found that the morning when I had gone forth early to King's Cross was just at the period when Mr. Massey so unaccountably disappeared.

One Saturday evening, about a fortnight afterwards, Lawrence, foppishly dressed, came in and invited all three of us along to the corner house for a smoke. Vickers, he explained, had caught a bad cold and feared to come out, therefore he asked us all to go over and keep him company. My two companions were nothing loath, and I confess to being easily persuaded to join the party, for I had long wished to see what in kind of "diggings" these two men lived.

A girl of the usual lodging-house type opened the door, and having passed into the hall, guided by Lawrence, we ascended the stairs to a room on the third floor. I am slightly short-sighted, but as common with people who have defective vision I am possessed of a remarkably quick ear. Therefore as we passed into the ill-lit hall, I detected by the sound that the house was scantily furnished. This surprised me, for its exterior denoted neatness and considerable prosperity. Before the clean, well-curtained windows of the ground-floor were boxes of scarlet geraniums, the steps were always scrupulously clean, and the door handle, the brass handle and knocker well polished. Once inside, however, I noticed, even in that half light, that the place was dirty and neglected, the stair-carpet was in holes and the small upstairs sitting room was barely furnished.

Vickers, who was sitting there with a dirty white muffer wrapped around his throat, rose and greeted us heartily, whisky and sodas were at once produced, cigars lit, and very soon we became quite merry. After about an hour some one proposed a game at nap at a halfpenny a point. I joined, and with the whole five of us playing, the fun soon grew fast and furious.

Why had my two companions so suddenly left the police—if they were really policemen? They puzzled me always. They might, however, be detectives, and the number of that note had perhaps been made by Cayley in the ordinary course. Yet they possessed nothing in common with police officers. Their air was far too irresponsible, too devil-may-care.

While we were playing I saw Vickers exchange a strange significant look with Cayley, who, in order to hide the smile that played about his lips, twisted his grey moustache and thoughtfully regarded his cards. I had announced my intention of making three—a difficult feat when five are playing—and consequently my attention was centered upon the game. Just as it became my turn to commence the second round I heard a strange noise in the adjoining room as of a man groaning.

"What's that?" I asked, staring and glancing from one to the other.

"Nothing, old fellow," Lawrence answered. "They say this place is haunted, but it's only the wind in the chimney."

"Haunted?" I echoed, at once interested. "Has it that reputation?"

"Certainly. The place was to let for nearly ten years, because the various occupants heard all kinds of weird noises, just as you've heard a moment ago. We, however, took it, and after a lot of investigation discovered the real cause. It's quite simple."

"What is it?"

"Why, after being puzzled for months, we one day discovered that the chimney in the next room is an old-fashioned ventilator, which when set revolving by the wind creates an awful creaking that sounds exactly like a man groaning."

"There it is again! Surely that's not a ventilator?" I cried.

"It's nothing else," he answered. "But it's frightened a good many tenants during the past fifty years. The owners are glad enough to let us the house cheaply because nobody else will take it. We haven't, of course, revealed to them the simple explanation of the Gower Street Ghost."

"But if it is really a creaking ventilator, why don't you all go?"

He glanced across at Lawrence, and I saw his brows contracted slightly.

"Because," he hesitated. "Because it isn't the ventilator itself that creaks. The fixings in the brickwork of the chimney are loose, and they, of course, can't be oiled."

The noise was certainly a very human one. It was not at all surprising that it should have caused previous occupants of the house to forsake it, and declare it

haunted by the supernatural. Still, it surprised me to know that these two easy-going bachelors were the only occupants of that large house with its prosperous-looking exterior.

I finished the hand and won. Again the cards were dealt, and again I sorted my hand with an inward feeling of satisfaction, for it was an uncommonly good one.

At that moment, however, a sudden and excruciating pain shot up my right arm, causing me to drop the cards upon the table.

"Hulloa, Freeman!" cried Vickers. "Why, what's the matter, old chap?"

"Matter!" I echoed in agony. "Why, there's something wrong with my hand and arm. The pain is frightful!"

All four looked at me in surprise, while Lawrence exchanged a significant glance with Cayley.

"What's wrong with your arm—rheumatism?" the latter inquired.

"I don't know," I answered in alarm. "I've never before experienced such a strange sensation. The pain is so acute that it seems to affect my head."

"Rubbish, old chap! Have a drink!" urged Vickers, passing the whisky bottle.

But in those few moments of my seizure—which, to me, seemed a kind of paralysis—my whole body had become affected. My brain seemed in a whirl, my limbs seemed stiffening—I had a strange sinking feeling as though I were dying.

That thought flashed through my mind, and I tried to bestir myself. With a desperate struggle I rose while my companions remained seated at the table, but, staggering, I lost my balance and fell heavily to the floor.

Curiously enough I did not entirely lose consciousness. I know that my limbs were rigid, that my body was chilly, that my heart, becoming paralyzed, had ceased its beating, and that my eyes were closed. But even in the blackness of death that had so suddenly fallen upon me sounds reached me dulled and uncertain, as though my ears were filled with cotton wool.

"Good!" I heard a man's voice exclaim in satisfaction. It sounded like Cayley's, but of that I could not be certain. "He knew too much, but he won't trouble us any more, that's certain," continued the voice.

Those words froze my heart. I had, in my eager amateur attempt to probe the mystery surrounding these queer friends of mine, showed my hand, and allowed myself to become their victim. They had murdered me.

But how had that effect been produced? I had neither smoked nor drunk anything there. It was impossible that they could have drugged me.

I felt eager fingers searching my pockets, and suddenly heard a voice exclaim:

"Ah, we were not mistaken! Here it is!"

What was it they had found, I wondered. I tried to reflect, but could think of nothing likely to be of value to them. Mine was a perilous position, rigid, speechless and helpless in the hands of these four men, who were evidently a most desperate gang.

"Have you examined him well?" inquired another voice, which this time I recognized as Cayley's.

"Yes. All that his pockets contained is on the table," was the response.

"Better destroy the lot," suggested Vickers. "They might remain as awkward evidence. Put the whole lot into the fire."

"And his clothes?" asked a voice.

"We can burn them later," answered Cayley. "Let's do the packing first."

It was evident that these men believed me to be dead. My only chance, therefore, lay in remaining quite inanimate.

About me I heard strange whisperings, and those cries of human agony which had sounded now recurred to me. Suddenly I felt hands about me, and I think I must have been lifted up and carried some little distance. Unfortunately, however, my consciousness seemed to be gradually leaving me. The voices that I had heard so distinctly became curiously distorted, and my brain, for the first few moments quite clear, now grew clouded and incapable of any distinct thought.

The agony I was suffering was excruciating. My limbs were cramped and twisted, the muscles were apparently overstrained until they supported a tension terrible, and my heart, having ceased its pulsations, was silent.

I remember distinctly that a sense of my true position became impressed upon me. I could not move a single muscle in my whole body. The awful truth was apparent. Although I still retained some faint consciousness, just in the manner that an animal moves after death, I was nevertheless actually dead. I had been murdered by these unscrupulous malefactors without any apparent motive, save that I had, quite by accident, discovered those mystical numerals upon their blotting paper.

I was trying to reflect, striving to retain my coolness, when of a sudden I felt the mental strain too great. My brain gave way, and its power slowly died out. The last lingering spark of life became extinguished; the void of death fell upon me.

What time elapsed I had no idea. All I know is that during the period which followed, some curious events must have occurred.

As I slowly struggled back to a knowledge of things about me, I became conscious of being cold, cramped and confined. My arms were pinioned at my side, my head uncomfortable, my legs bent and my whole body chilly by reason of insufficient clothing. My eyes, as I opened them, fell upon the low sloping ceiling of an attic, and I saw by the grey light that dawn was spreading. I listened attentively, but no sound broke the quiet, save the faint jingle of a cab-bell in the street far below.

Suddenly I managed to turn my head aside, and then a fact became plain, a fact so hideous that I started up with a shriek of horror.

My outer garments had been removed, and my body was packed tightly in a circular tin which I at once recognized as one of those big round cans used for the conveyance of milk by rail. With great difficulty I managed to struggle out of my cramped position, to free my arms and extricate myself from that narrow prison, upsetting it upon the floor, and as I did so I saw a second can close by. The lid was closed. With trembling hands I forced it open, and what I saw caused me to draw back in horror. Within was the body of a red-haired man of middle age and slightly bald. The head had been forced down, so that I could not see the features.

I staggered back petrified by fear, and, rushing to the door, fled in speechless terror from that death chamber.

Down stairs I dashed headlong, but at the foot of the first flight was a door securely locked. My egress from the place was thus cut off, therefore, after vainly trying to force the door, I searched eagerly for other means of escape.

My costume was an airy one, for the murderers had divested me of greater part of my clothing preparatory to placing me in the milk-tin, but having reascended the stairs I entered an attic adjoining that in which the corpse reposed, and there found a pair of old flannel trousers and a frayed jacket, which I at once assumed. Not without considerable trepidation I reentered the chamber of death, and stepping over the overturned tin which was to have been my coffin, I gazed out of the window

into the deserted street below. Escape was, I saw, impossible by the window. Therefore I went out upon the landing, and soon found the trap door which led to the roof. Curiously enough it was open, and without much difficulty I crept through it and out upon the smoke-blackened leads. Glancing around, I saw that the roofs of the neighboring houses were flat, and therefore I started to walk along the tops of the shops in Holborn, making my way in and out among the myriad chimneys which rose thick as forest trees.

There was a long low parapet running the whole length of the block of buildings, and I was walking in the gutter behind it when suddenly my attention was attracted by sight of a horse and cart drawn up at the curb below. It was a milk cart of the ordinary kind, and close by it, standing in conversation with the driver, was a policeman in his shiny cap.

My first impulse was to shout down to the officer and tell him of the dastardly attempt made upon my life, but as I stood peering over the parapet I suddenly discerned that both the cart and the officer were standing a couple of doors off the bank where I was employed. I looked round, and to my surprise saw that within twenty yards of where I stood a small wooden trap door was open.

That door was in the roof of the bank. Instantly my suspicions were aroused. Moving carefully I glanced down again, and then knew by the curious hitching movement of the shoulders that the policeman was none other than Drane.

The gang were perhaps at that moment engaged in robbing the bank, and the cart was, in all probability, waiting to carry off the specie. This alarming truth flashed upon me, and I stood in breathless hesitation, wondering what I should do. If alarmed they would undoubtedly shoot me or fling me over into the roadway and afterwards escape. Yet I did not intend that those four murderers should get away so free. Their plans, whatever they had been, had been carried out with marvelous forethought, for it was now quite evident that they had taken the corner house for the deliberate intention of making an attack upon the safe containing our coin.

Drane, little suspecting that I stood there watching, was chatting calmly to the milkman, who, in that half light, I recognized as Lawrence, while Vickers and Cayley were undoubtedly busy in the vault below the street, wherein I knew was stored, in addition to the previous day's deposits, nearly £20,000 in sovereigns, for I had assisted to place some of the coin there when, on the previous afternoon, it had been received from the Bank of England.

Excited at this discovery and puzzled how to capture the four red-handed, I suddenly noticed that on the roof of the adjoining house some painters had been at work, and had left their tools there, among them being a stout iron bar used in the suspending of the "cradle" in which they worked. This I seized, and, closing down the trap door noiselessly, managed to place each end of the bar behind some brickwork and thus securely fasten it down. I tried to pull it open, but it resisted every effort.

Then I chuckled to myself, knowing that at least I had prevented their escape by the way in which they had obtained entrance.

My next move was to descend into the street and invoke the aid of the police. But how? After some reflection the course I was compelled to adopt was to go from trap-door to trap-door of the houses in Gower street until at last I found a loose one, and then, like a burglar, I lowered myself and crept noiselessly down the stairs, letting myself out by the front door. Those were, indeed, exciting moments, for I had never played the amateur burglar before, and knew not that at any moment someone might face me with a revolver. Again, it seemed quite possible that the thieves might make off with their booty before I could reach them, for fully a quarter of an hour had elapsed since I had first made the discovery.

Therefore breathless in anxiety I dashed along the street making no noise—for I had made my exit from the milk-tin with bare feet—torn in front of the mysterious corner house and looked along Holborn.

Next second my heart sank within me. Both policeman and cart had disappeared. I ran along to the door of the bank, but found it closed and firmly secured.

The thieves had evidently made their coup successfully, and had got clear away. I stood there rooted to the spot.

If they had endeavored to return to the corner house by the roof they no doubt had discovered the trap door barred, and this would result in their flight by the front door into Holborn. Again, if they returned to their abode they would discover that I, their victim, had disappeared. The position was far more difficult and exciting than before. They were evidently a gang who would hesitate at nothing in order to make good their escape.

I drew back in hesitation into the shadow of a shop doorway, and as I stood there the welcome sound of a heavy measured tread fell upon my ear. Then as I peered forth, I saw a genuine constable approaching, trying the doors of each shop.

In order to avoid attracting attention if either of the men were at the windows of the bank or upon the roof, I waited until he came to examine the door where I stood.

He started at finding me secreted there, but in a few quick words I explained that there were thieves in the bank opposite and urged him to go and obtain assistance. What I told him placed him on his mettle in an instant, and bidding me remain there he strolled off slowly in order to arouse no suspicion of those who might be watching.

The minutes seemed hours. Of a sudden, however, I heard the rattle of wheels, and to my surprise, saw the milk cart draw up again, this time before the door of the corner house. Lawrence, after looking round to see that he was unobserved, ascended the steps and slipped in by aid of his latch-key. Why had he entered, I wondered? So cleverly had the robbery been planned that he had driven his cart away in order to allow the genuine policeman on the beat to pass before again approaching.

From where I stood I could see both the corner house and the door of the bank, but although I watched intently not a soul stirred. At length, however, my friend, the constable, and three of his companions turned a corner suddenly, and almost before I was aware of it halted before the big door of the bank.

I dashed across and led the officer I had first spoken with and one of his companions to the corner house, where the milk cart was still standing. The man Lawrence had left the door ajar, and we all three crept into the hall, while at the same moment the other two policemen rang violently at the door bell of the bank in an endeavor to arouse Wilson, the porter.

Leaving one constable to guard the door we rushed upstairs, searching all the rooms until we gained the attic wherein I had found myself. The corpse of the red-haired man was still there, packed in the milk can, addressed to a farm in Gloucestershire, and ready to be taken down stairs and loaded on to the cart. Beside it lay the big empty can from which I had extricated myself. The constables were aghast when they made the gruesome discovery, but I led them to the open trap door, and it then became plain that Lawrence, finding I had escaped, had also decamped and got away over the roofs.

He had, in all probability, alarmed the others, and while I had been below waiting the arrival of the police the whole four had slipped away over the roofs. We both ran along the leads until we reached the roof of the bank, when I saw, to my satisfaction, that the iron bar still remained in the position I had placed it. Below, the two officers were thundering at the heavy door with its shining brass plates, but could obtain no response.

"If they're inside they'll certainly try and get away through here," I said.

With this the constable agreed and drawing away the bar opened the door and was about to lower himself through it when suddenly Cayley's grey head appeared through the opening.

There was a wild oath, and the sudden flash of a revolver fired right into the constable's face, but the officer, quick as thought, drew his own weapon and sent a bullet through the thief's shoulder. At the same instant I sprang upon my fellow lodger and succeeded after a desperate struggle in wresting the revolver from him, while the policeman whipped out a pair of handcuffs and together we made him prisoner. These moments were full of excitement, for down in Holborn police whistles were sounding, and almost before we had succeeded in handcuffing the scoundrel three other constables and a sergeant had come up to our assistance.

Vickers was eventually caught in the bank, hiding in a cupboard beneath the stairs and captured after a desperate struggle, while on going below to the vaults we found that the safe had been opened with the manager's keys and great quantities of gold had been packed ready for removal. Three large bagfuls of coin were indeed found on the top floor close to the trap door, and one was discovered in the attic of the corner house, showing that the transfer of the proceeds of the robbery was actually in progress when I had so providentially regained consciousness.

Cayley, who seemed possessed of demon strength, made a desperate effort to commit suicide by throwing himself down to the pavement below, but we managed to prevent him. At the Old Bailey, when the pair were tried for murder and robbery, many were the extraordinary facts revealed. The body found in the milk can was identified as that of the missing Mr. Massey, who, it appeared, had been im-

# EXPONENTS

THE BEST SMOKE ON EARTH

POWELL SMITH & CO.  
MANUF'R'S  
N.Y.

QUALITY SELLS EXPORTS



A. KIEFER DRUG CO.  
INDIANAPOLIS  
SOLE DISTRIBUTERS

## Catarrh is Not Incurable

But it can not be cured by sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures which reach only the surface. The disease is in the blood, and can only be reached through the blood. S. S. S. is the only remedy which can have any effect upon Catarrh; it cures the disease permanently and forever rid the system of every trace of the vile complaint.

Miss Josie Owen, of Montpelier, Ohio, writes: "I was afflicted from infancy with Catarrh, and no one ever knew the suffering it produced better than I. The sprays and washes prescribed by the doctors relieved me only temporarily, and though I used them constantly for ten years, the disease had a firmer hold than ever. I tried a number of blood remedies, but their mild ingredients settled in my bones and gave me rheumatism. I was in a lamentable condition, and after exhausting all treatment, was declared incurable. Seeing S. S. S. advertised as a cure for blood diseases, I decided to try it. As soon as my system was under the effect of the medicine, I began to improve, and after taking it for two months I was cured completely. The dreadful disease was eradicated from my system, and I have had no return of it."

Many have been taking local treatment for years, and find themselves worse now than ever. A trial of

## S. S. S. For The Blood

will prove it to be the right remedy for Catarrh. It will cure the most obstinate case.

Books mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

## KNOX'S WORLD-RENOUNDED HATS

—FOR—  
Ladies and Gentlemen

Knox's latest creations in Trimmed and Walking Hats. Call and see them.

Stephens \$3 Hats

Best on Earth for the Money.

A. B. STEPHENS, 18 North Pennsylvania St.

## Fashionable Colors

Our range of colors is extensive and up to date. We can satisfy the most critical. PURITY, DURABILITY and BEAUTY are our watchword.

Indianapolis Paint and Color Co.

240-248 Massachusetts Avenue.

## EDUCATIONAL

VORLES'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Phone 1234, Monument Plaza. Special rate to teachers this month only. Second largest school in the United States.

## Indianapolis BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

THE PUBLIC recognizes the above large end caps and condensed black letter as our trade mark, because we originated it, and have used it constantly in newspaper advertising, on envelopes, receipts and checks during the last fifteen years.

Imitators incapable of originating an advertisement, will not inspire confidence in the business world, nor reap the benefit of our efforts or reputation. Would you have your son, daughter, ward or friend under their influence? Kindly write us your opinion.

Respectfully,  
E. J. KEEB, President.

**WISDOM**

The wisest wisdom is the wisdom of health. Mother's Friend is a wise investment. It was made after many experiments by an eminent physician who felt that something should be done to alleviate woman's suffering. Mother's Friend was the result of this work and it does all it was intended to do—helps women through their painful periods. It is a safe, reliable, and wonderful penetrating property so strengthens the muscles to bear the strain that there is almost no pain. Get Mother's Friend the drug store. It is a household necessity. Write for our free illustrated book, "Be Wise Early in Life."